

THE
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OF 10803. a. 3.
THOMAS PAINE,

INTERSPERSED WITH
REMARKS AND REFLECTIONS,
BY
PETER PORCUPINE,
AUTHOR OF THE BLOODY BUOY,
ETC. ETC.

" A Life that's one continued scene
" Of all that's infamous and mean."

CHURCHILL,

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1797

THE
LIST
OF
THOMAS FAINE

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L I F E
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T H O M A S P A I N E,

Interpersed with Remarks and Reflections.

BIOGRAPHICAL memoirs of persons, famous for the great good or the great mischief they have done, are so sure to meet with a favourable reception in print, that it has long been subject of astonishment, that none of the disciples of Paine should ever have thought of obliging the world with an account of his life. His being of mean birth could form no reasonable objection: when the life of his hero is spotless, the biographer feels a pride as well as a pleasure in tracing him from the penurious shed to the pinnacle of renown. Besides, those from whom we might have ex-

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pected the history of Old Common Sense, are professed admirers of all that is of low and even base extraction. They are continually boasting of the superior virtues of their "democratic floor," as they call it; it, therefore, seems wonderful, that they should have neglected giving an instance of this superiority in the life of their *virtuous* leader.

This unaccountable negligence of Paine's friends has, in some measure, been compensated by the diligence of the friends of order and religion. His life was published in London, in 1793; but, like most other works calculated to stem the torrent of popular prejudice, it has never found admittance into the American press. I am afraid it will be a lasting reproach on those, into whose hands this press has fallen, that while thousands upon thousands of that blasphemous work, "the Age of Reason," were struck off, the instant it arrived in the country, not a single copy of the Life and Crimes of the Blasphemer, so fit to counteract his diabolical efforts, was printed in the whole Union.

This little pamphlet has, at last, fallen into my hands, and were I to delay communicating it to the public, I should be unworthy of that liberty of the press, which, in spite of lying pamphlets and threatening letters, I am deter-

mined to enjoy, while I have types and paper at my command.

The reader must observe that this account of Paine's Life, is an abstract of his life, a larger work, written by *Francis Oldys*, A. M. of the University of Pennsylvania. The following extract is taken from the London Review of the work.—“ A more cogent reason cannot
 “ be given for this publication, than that which
 “ is assigned by the writer of Mr. Paine's Life,
 “ in the following short exordium.—*It has*
 “ *been established by the reiterated suffrage of man-*
 “ *kind, that the lives of those persons, who have*
 “ *either performed useful actions, or neglected es-*
 “ *sential duties, ought to be recounted, as much*
 “ *for an example to the present age, as for the in-*
 “ *struction of future times.*—THOMAS PAINE*
 “ (proceed the Reviewers) is placed precisely
 “ in this predicament. His actions have

* “ In a note we are informed by *Mr. Oldys*, that this is
 “ the real name; and that his fictitious name is *Paine* with a
 “ final *e*; for that his father's name was *Pain*; his own
 “ name was *Pain* when he married, when he corresponded
 “ with the Excise, and when he first appeared in America.
 “ But finding some inconvenience in his real name, or seeing
 “ some advantage in a fictitious one, he thus changed the
 “ name of his family; and he thus exercised a freedom
 “ which the great enjoy for honourable ends.”

“ stamped him a public character, and from
“ his public conduct much useful information
“ and instruction may be derived. In his
“ transactions as a private individual, we find
“ the records of villainy in various shapes, not
“ imposing upon mankind under any impene-
“ trable mask, or closewrought veil, but, al-
“ most from the beginning, openly and avow-
“ edly practised in the broad face of day. The
“ facts on which he stands convicted by his
“ Biographer are not lightly stated, but are
“ supported by authentic documents and sub-
“ stantiated by evidence.”

I shall detain the reader here but a moment, to observe, that these Reviewers were, and are, the partizans of Paine, rather than otherwise; and that, in many parts of their review, they have attempted to palliate his crimes.

“ The following abstract of the *Life of Paine*,
“ by *Mr. Oldys* of *Philadelphia*, will perhaps
“ be acceptable to the world; as every fact in
“ it is, by the confession of Paine himself, of

• his friends, and of his enemies, undeniably
• authentic.*

• THOMAS PAINE was born at Thetford, in
• the county of Norfolk (in England), on the
• 29th of January, 1736-7. His father was
• Joseph Pain, a staymaker by trade, and of
• the sect of the Quakers. His mother, Fran-
• ces Cocke, daughter of an attorney at Thet-
• ford, and of the established Church.

• By some accident, probably arising from
• the disagreement of his parents in their re-
• ligious sentiments, the son was never bap-
• tized. He was, however, confirmed at the
• usual age, by the Bishop of Norwich, through
• the care of his aunt, Mistress Cocke.

• At the free-school of Thetford, under
• Mr. Knowles, young Paine was instructed in
• reading, writing, and arithmetic. The ex-
• pence of his education was defrayed by his
• father, with some assistance from his mother's
• relations.—At the age of thirteen, he be-
• came his father's apprentice, in the trade of
• a staymaker. At this employment he con-

* That part of this essay which the reader finds thus marked with inverted commas, is taken from the printed copy. The rest, whether good or bad, whether republican or antirepublican, I am ready to take upon myself.

‘tinued for five years; although he, himself, forgetful or regardless of the truth, has, in the second part of his *Rights of Man*, related, that he entered, at the age of sixteen, on board the *Terrible* privateer, Captain Death; which was not fitted out till some years afterwards.’

‘He went, at the age of nineteen, to try his fortune in London; where he worked for some time with Mr. *Morris*, an eminent staymaker in Hanover-street, Long-acre.—After a very short stay in this situation, he repaired to Dover; and there obtained employment with Mr. *Grace*, a respectable staymaker. While Paine remained here, an attachment began between him and Miss Grace, his master’s daughter: in consequence of which, Mr. Grace was induced to lend our adventurer ten pounds, to enable him to settle as a master-staymaker at Sandwich.’

‘He settled at Sandwich in April, 1759; but forgot to repay the ten pounds, or to fulfil the marriage, in expectation of which the money had been advanced to him.—Here, it seems, he took up his lodging in the market-place; and formed a little congregation, to whom he preached, in his lodging, as an *Independent Minister*.’

‘ In the mean time, he fell in love with a
‘ pretty, modest, young woman, *Mary Lambert*,
‘ daughter of James Lambert ; who, with his
‘ wife Mary, had come to *Sittingbourne* as an
‘ exciseman, before the year 1736 ; but, hav-
‘ ing been dismissed for misconduct, had open-
‘ ed a shop, and acted, besides, as bum-bailiff
‘ of *Sittingbourne*. Both father and mother
‘ were by this time dead, and the daughter
‘ was now waiting-woman to Mrs. Solly,
‘ wife of Richard Solly, an eminent wool-
‘ len-draper at *Sandwich*.—*Mary Lambert*
‘ and *Thomas Paine* were married on the
‘ 27th of September, 1759. Although he
‘ was only twenty-two, and she twenty-one
‘ years of age, yet, by the scars of disease,
‘ or by the native harshness of his fea-
‘ tures, he appeared at the time of the mar-
‘ riage so much older than she, that the good
‘ women of *Sandwich* expressed their astonish-
‘ ment, that *so fine a girl should marry so old a*
‘ *fellow.*’

‘ *Thomas*, soon after the marriage, finding
‘ himself somehow disappointed, began to mal-
‘ treat his wife. Little more than two months
‘ had passed, when this became visible to the
‘ whole town. By Mrs. Solly’s aid, their po-
‘ verty was occasionally relieved. From the
‘ furnished lodging in which Paine had hither-
‘ to lived, the young couple soon removed to
‘ a house, for which they, with some difficulty,

• obtained furniture upon credit. But he hav-
• ing contracted debts which he was unable to
• discharge, our adventurer, with his wife,
• found themselves obliged to take what is
• called in Scotland a *moonlight flitting*; and, on
• the night between the seventh and eighth of
• April, 1760, they set out from Sandwich to
• Margate:---Thomas carrying with him the
• furniture which he had purchased on credit,
• a stove belonging to his house, and the stays
• of a customer. The stays were recovered
• from him by a timeful claim. He sold the
• furniture by auction at Margate.---The sale
• of goods obtained upon credit on a false pre-
• text, is a crime that was formerly punished
• by exposure on the pillory, which has since
• been changed for transportation.’

At this place, the reader will undoubtedly call to mind Paine’s vehement fallies against the English penal code. All the *patriots* look upon law-givers, judges, juries, and the whole suite of justice, as their mortal enemies. “Inhuman wretches,” says Tom, “that are leagued together to rob Man of his Rights, and with them of his existence.” This is like the thief, who, when about to receive sentence of death, protested he would swear the peace against the judge, for that he verily believed he had a design upon his life.—Reader, ever while you live, suspect those tender-hearted fellows

who shudder at the name of the gallows. When you hear a man loud against the severity of the laws, set him down for a rogue.

‘ From Margate, Paine returned to London. His wife set out with him: but her subsequent fate is not well known. Some say that she perished on the road, by ill usage and a premature birth: others, in consequence of diligent inquiry, believe her to be still alive; although the obscurity of her retreat prevents ready discovery.’

Now, who that reads this, does not feel a desire to kick the scoundrel of a stay-maker, for exclaiming against aristocracy, because, as he pretends, its laws and customs are cruel and unnatural!—“ With what kind of parental reflections,” says the hypocrite in his Rights of Man, “ can the father and mother contemplate their tender offspring?—To restore parents to their children, and children to their parents, relations to each other, and man to society, the French Constitution has destroyed the law of primogenitureship.” Is not this fine cant to entrap the unsuspecting vulgar? Who would not imagine that the soul which pours itself forth in joy for the restoration of all these dear relatives to each other, was made up of constancy and tenderness? Who would suf-

pect the man whose benevolence is thus extended to foreigners, whom he never saw, of being a brutal and savage husband, and an unnatural father?—Do you ask, “with what kind of parental reflections the father and mother can contemplate their tender offspring?”—Hypocritical monster! with what kind of reflections did you contemplate the last agonies of a poor, weak, credulous woman, who had braved the scoffs of the world, who had abandoned every thing for your sake, had put her all in your possession, and who looked up to you, and you alone, for support?

Paine's humanity, like that of all the reforming philosophers of the present enlightened day, is of the speculative kind. It never breaks out into action. Hear these people and you would think them overflowing with the milk of human kindness. They stretch their benevolence to the extremities of the globe: it embraces every living creature—except those who have the misfortune to come in contact with them. They are all citizens of the world: country and friends and relations are unworthy the attention of men who are occupied in rendering all mankind happy and free.

I ever suspect the sincerity of a man whose discourse abounds in expressions of universal phi-

lanthropy. Nothing is more easy than for a person of some imagination to raise himself to a swell of sentiment, without the aid of one single feeling of the heart. Rousseau, for instance, is everlastingly babbling about his *genre humain* (human race) and his "*cœur aimant et tendre*," (tender and loving heart). He writes for the human race, his heart bleeds for the distresses of the human race, and, in the midst of all this, he sends his unfortunate bastards to the poor-house, the receptacle of misery! Virtuous and tender hearted and sympathetic! Rousseau! Certainly nothing is so disgusting as this, except it be to see the humane and sentimental Sterne wiping away a tear at the sight of a dead jack-ass, while his injured wife and child were pining away their days in a nunnery, and while he was debauching the wife of his friend.*

' In July, 1761,—Thomas returned, with-
' out her, to his father's house.—Having
' been unsuccessful in the business of a stay-

* Sterne's writings are most admirably calculated to destroy the morals of the youth of both sexes; but it was reserved for some of the printers in the United States to give those writings the finishing touch. What the lewd author was ashamed to do, they have done for him. They have explained his *double entendres* and *filthy inuendos* by a set of the most bawdy cuts that ever disgraced the pencil.—I was shown a copy of the *Sentimental Journey* in this style at the shop of Citizen Thomas Bradford of Philadelphia, the only place in the city, I believe, where it is to be had.

maker, he was now willing to leave it for the Excise. In the Excise, after fourteen months of study and trials, he was established on the 1st of December 1762, at the age of twenty-five. The kindness of Mr. Cocksedge, recorder of Thetford, procured for him this appointment. He was sent, as a supernumerary, first to Grantham; and on the 8th of August 1764, to Alford.—Being detected in some misconduct, he was, on the 27th of August 1765 dismissed from his office.

In this state of wretchedness and disgrace, he repaired to London a third time. Here charity supplied him with clothes, money and lodging; till he was, on the 11th of July 1766, restored to the Excise, although not to immediate employment.—For support, in the mean time, he engaged himself for a salary of five and twenty pounds a year, in the service of Mr. Noble; who keeping an academy in Lemon-street, Goodman's fields, wanted an usher to teach English, and walk out with the children. He won nobody's favour in this family: and, at Christmas, left the service of Mr. Noble for that of Mr. Gardner, who then kept a reputable school at Kensington. With Mr. Gardner he continued only three months.—He would now willingly have—*taken orders!* but, being

only an English scholar, could not obtain the certificate of his qualifications previously necessary. Being violently moved, however, with the spirit of preaching, he wandered about for a while as an itinerant Methodist; and, as urged by his necessities, or directed by his spirit, preached in Moorfields, and in various populous places in England.

At length, in March 1768, he again obtained employment in his calling of an Excise officer; and was sent in this capacity to Lewes in Suffex.—He was now, at the age of thirty-one, ambitious of shining as a *jolly fellow* among his companions; yet without restraining his sullen, overbearing temper; although to the neglect of his duty as an Excise-man. By his intrepidity in water and on ice, he gained the appellation of *Commodore*. He had gone to live with Mr. Samuel Ollive, a Tobacconist; and in his house he continued till that worthy man's death. Mr. Ollive died in bad circumstances; leaving a widow, one daughter, and several sons. For some dishonest intermeddling with the effects of his deceased landlord, Paine was turned out of the house by Mr. Atterfol, the executor. But, being more favourably regarded by the widow and daughter, he was received again by them in 1770. He soon after commenced

grocer; opening Ollive's shop in his own name. He, at the same time worked the tobacco mill on his own behalf; and, regardless of the regulations of the Excise, and of his duty as an Excise-officer, for several years continued this trade, engaging without scruple in smuggling practices, in order to render it lucrative.

In 1771, at the age of thirty-four, he again ventured on matrimony. Elizabeth Ollive, the daughter of his late landlord, whom he now married, was a handsome and worthy woman, eleven years younger than himself; and, had it not been for her unfortunate attachment to him, might have married to much greater advantage.—Upon the occasion of this second marriage, Thomas Paine thought proper to represent himself as a bachelor, although he must have known that he was either a widower,—or, indeed, if his former wife was then alive, a married man;—and, although the marriage act has declared it to be felony, without benefit of clergy, for a person thus wilfully to make a false entry on the register.

In the same year, Paine first commenced author.—*Rumbold*, candidate for New Shoreham, required a song to celebrate the patriotism and the conviviality, of the occasion. Paine produced one, which was accepted, and reward-

ed with three guineas.—His Poetical honours he seems to have afterwards forgotten; for in 1779, he asserted in the news-papers, that, till the appearance of his *Common Sense*, he had never published a syllable.

By a certain boldness and bustle of character, although without the recommendation of honesty, he had become a sort of chief among the Excisemen. They began about this time to be dissatisfied, that their salaries were not augmented with the increase of the national wealth, of the public Revenue, and of the price of the necessaries of life. Citizen Paine undertook to write their *Case*; and in 1772, produced an octavo pamphlet of one hundred and twenty pages, containing an *Introduction*; *The State of the Salary of the Officers of Excise*; and *Thoughts on the Corruption arising from the Poverty of Excise-Officers*. Of this pamphlet four thousand copies were printed. A contribution was made by the Excisemen, to supply the expences attending the solicitation of their case. Paine bustled about, as their agent in London, in the winter of 1773. But nothing was done; and although liberally paid by his employers, he forgot to pay his printer.

‘ In his attention to the common cause of
‘ the Excisemen, he had neglected his own
‘ private affairs. His credit failed. He sunk
‘ into difficulties and distress: and in this
‘ situation made a bill of sale of his whole
‘ effects to Mr. Whitfield, a considerable gro-
‘ cer at Lewes, and his principal creditor.
‘ Mr. Whitfield seeing no prospect of pay-
‘ ment, took possession of the premises, and,
‘ in April 1774 disposed of them as his own.
‘ The other creditors thinking themselves
‘ outwitted by Whitfield, and cheated by
‘ Paine, had recourse to the rigours of law.
‘ Paine sought concealment for a time in the
‘ cock-loft of the Whitehorse-inn.’

‘ About the same time, he was again dis-
‘ missed from the Excise. His carelessness of
‘ the duties of his office—dealing as a grocer
‘ in exciseable articles—buying smuggled to-
‘ bacco, as a grinder of snuff—and conniving
‘ at others for the concealment of it himself—
‘ could no longer be overlooked or excused.
‘ His dismissal took place on the 8th of
‘ April, 1774. He petitioned to be restored,
‘ but without success.’

Reader, how often have I observed, that
disappointment, and refusal of favours asked
from government, are the great sources of
what is now-a-days called patriotism? Here
we are arrived at the cause of Tom Paine’s

mortal enmity to the British government. Had his humble petition been granted; had he been restored to his office, he might, and undoubtedly would have stigmatised the Americans as rebels and traitors. He would have probably been among the supplest tools of Lord North, instead of being the champion of American independence.

Who, after reading this, will believe that he was actuated by laudable motives, when he wrote against taxation; when he called the Excise a hell-born monster? He long was, you see, an advocate for this hell-born monster, and even one of its choice ministers, and such would he have been to this day, had not his *petition* been rejected. What, Thomas! Petition to be one of the under-devils of a hell-born monster!

Whatever may be the services which his vindictive pen rendered to the cause of the United States, the people of this country owe him no tribute of gratitude, any more than they do to the pretended friendship of the French court or nation. Both had the same objects in view: the furthering of their interests and glutting of their revenge. They looked upon the revolted colonists as their tools, and if America profited by their interference, it was owing to the wisdom of her councils, and not to their good-will.

When patriot Tom began his career in America, it was assuredly very necessary for him to assert, that, till the appearance of his *Common Sense*, he had never published a single syllable; for, it would have looked a little awkward to see that work coming from the pen of a discarded excise officer, who had petitioned for a reinstatement in his oppressive office. Not a whit less awkward does it now appear, to hear clamours against the expences of the British government coming from the very man who would willingly have added to those expences by an augmentation of his own salary. He tells the poor people of Great Britain, that their "hard-earned pence are wrung from them by the king and his ministers;" yet, we see, that he wished a little more to be wrung from them, when he expected a share. —Disinterested and compassionate soul!

The English Clergy, too, and the tithes they receive, have been considerable objects of Thomas's out-cry. Those battering-rams, called the Rights of Man, have been directed against these with their full force. But what would the hypocrite have said, had he been able to slip within the walls of the church? Like Dr. Priestley, Tom looks upon tithes as oppressive, merely because he is not a rector.

How little his attempt to obtain Holy Orders (sacrilegious monster!) and his Methodist preaching agree with the opinions expressed in his "Age of Reason" I shall notice, when I come to that epoch in his life, when he found it convenient to throw aside the mask, and become an open blasphemer; but I cannot quit him in this place, without observing on the remarkable similarity in the career of Tom and that of *Old John Swanwick*. Both had paid off their debts in England with a sponge, both had been field preachers, and both had been excise officers, when the American war broke out: at this moment they separated. After having gone side by side during their whole lives, they steered a course directly opposite to each other. Paine became a flaming patriot, while Swanwick remained a loyalist. —How came this? Why, Swanwick was still in office, whereas poor Tom was dismissed. Had Swanwick been dismissed and Paine in office, Tom would have followed the British waggons to New-York, and Swanwick would, probably, have written *Common Sense*.

With the reader's permission, I will just step aside from my subject, to ask, how it happened, that Citizen John Swanwick, now one of the august representatives of the city of which I have the honour to be an inhabitant, came to

be a staunch whig, while his respectable sire was as zealous a waggon-master as any in the Royal army? Mr. Swanwick was, I presume, too young, at that time, to perceive the amazing advantage that a citizen enjoys over a subject; and, as he professes a great deal of filial piety, one may reasonably suppose, that he would have followed the fortunes of his father, had not his remaining behind been in consequence of a concerted plan. This is a stroke of domestic policy, which has been often practised in ticklish times, but never with more complete success than in the present instance. The father was a *faithful subject* and the son a *firm patriot*; the father sang *God save the king*, and the son *Yankey-doodle*; the father got a *pension* and the son a *seat in Congress*.—I could continue a little further here, but it is time to return to our old broken exciseman.

‘ Amid this knavery and mismanagement,
 ‘ Paine had not distinguished himself by con-
 ‘ jugal tenderness to his second wife. He
 ‘ had now lived with her three years and a
 ‘ half, and, besides cruelly beating, had other-
 ‘ wise treated her wilfully and shamefully, in
 ‘ a manner which would excite the indigna-
 ‘ tion and resentment of every virtuous mar-
 ‘ ried woman; and which must ensure to him
 ‘ the detestation of every honourable man.

‘ From an attention to the known delicacy
 ‘ and modesty of our fair country-women, we
 ‘ forbear, in this abstract, to state the parti-
 ‘ culars, though they are published at length
 ‘ in Mr. Oldys’s pamphlet. — The conse-
 ‘ quence of all this was a separation between
 ‘ him and his wife, upon the conditions of
 ‘ her paying her husband thirty-five pounds
 ‘ sterling, and his agreeing to claim no part of
 ‘ whatever property she might thereafter
 ‘ acquire.’

‘ Paine now retired to London ; but would
 ‘ not leave his wife in peace till they had mu-
 ‘ tually entered into new articles of separation ;
 ‘ in which it was declared on his part, that *he*
 ‘ *no longer found a wife a convenience*, and on hers,
 ‘ that *she had too long suffered the miseries of such*
 ‘ *a husband*.’

This is the kind and philanthropic Tom Paine, who sets up such a piteous howl about the cruelty and tyranny of kings ! — “ I have
 “ known many of those bold champions for
 “ liberty in my time, ” says the good old Vicar of Wakefield, “ yet do I not remember one
 “ who was not in his heart and in his family a
 “ tyrant.” What Dr. Johnson observes of Milton may with justice be applied to every individual of the king-killing crew : he “ look-

“ed upon woman as made only for obedience and man only for rebellion.” I would request the reader to look round among his acquaintance, and see if this observation does not every where hold good ; see if there be one among the yelping kennels of modern patriots, who is not a bad husband, father, brother, or son. The same pride and turbulence of spirit that led them to withhold every mark of respect and obedience from their superiors, led them also to tyrannize over those who are so unfortunate as to be subjected to their will. The laws of nature will seldom, if ever, be respected by the man who has set those of his country and of decorum at defiance ; and from this degree of perversity there is but one step to the defiance of heaven itself. The good citizen or subject, the good husband, parent and child, and the good christian, exist together or they exist not at all.

From the circumstances attending Tom's separation from his last wife, we may make a pretty correct calculation of his value as a husband. The poor woman was obliged to pay him thirty-five pounds sterling to get rid of him ; so that, a *democratic spouse*, even supposing him to come up to his great leader in worth, is (in Federal currency) just one hundred

and fifty six dollars, sixty six cents and two-thirds of a cent, *worse than nothing*. - Oh, base democracy! Why, it is absolutely worse than street sweepings, or the filth of common-sewers.

The mob of kings that the poor French have got, have lately set Thomas to writing down the credit of English bank-notes, a task that the dregs of his old brain were quite unequal to. Instead of useless labours of this kind, instead of attempting to write down the Bible and bank-notes, I would recommend to him to oblige the people of his "beloved" "America," as he calls it, with a statement of the sums necessary to pay off all the democratic husbands in this continent, at the price his own wife fixed on himself; adding to the gross amount as much as would defray the expences of their transportation to their proper climate, France. Their wives, I dare say, would have no objection to imitate Mrs. Paine, as far as their last farthing would go, and if all wisdom is not banished from within the walls of the Congress, they would never refuse to make up the deficiency.

We have seen enough of Tom as a husband; now let us see what it is to be cursed with such a son.

‘ Citizen Paine now finding that his notoriously bad character rendered it advisable for him to leave a country where he was known ; he had the address to procure a recommendation to the late Dr. Franklin, in America, as a person who might, at such a crisis, be useful there. He accordingly sailed for America in September 1774.’

‘ The following letter from his mother to his wife, written about this time, proves that she had the distress of knowing his crimes and misfortunes, and of feeling for them as a parent naturally feels for a child, wicked or unhappy.’

“ DEAR DAUGHTER,

Thetford, Norfolk, 27th July 1774.

“ I must beg leave to trouble you with my
“ inquiries concerning my unhappy son and
“ your husband : various are the reports, the
“ which I find come originally from the excise
“ office ; such as his vile treatment to you ;
“ his secreting upwards of £.30, intrusted
“ with him to manage the petition for advance
“ of salary ; and that, since his discharge, he
“ have petitioned to be restored, which was
“ rejected with scorn. Since which, I am

" told, he have left England. To all which
 " I beg you will be kind enough to answer
 " me by due course of post.—You will not
 " be a little surpris'd at my so strongly
 " desiring to know what is become of him,
 " after I repeat to you his undutiful behaviour
 " to the tenderest of parents: he never ask'd
 " of us any thing but what was granted, that
 " were in our poor abilities to do; nay, we
 " even distress'd ourselves; whose works are
 " given over by old age, to let him have £. 20
 " on bond, and every other tender mark a
 " parent could possibly shew a child; his in-
 " gratitude, or want of duty, has been such,
 " that he has not wrote to me upwards of two
 " years.—If the above account be true, I am
 " heartily sorry, that a woman, whose charac-
 " ter and amiableness, deserves the greatest re-
 " spect, love, and esteem, as I have always on
 " inquiry been inform'd yours did, should be
 " tied for life, to the worst of husbands.—
 " I am,

" DEAR DAUGHTER,

" Your affectionate Mother,

" F. PAINE."

" For God's sake, let me have your answer,
 " as I am almost distracted."

‘ He arrived at Philadelphia in the winter
‘ of 1774, a few months before the battle of
‘ Lexington. He was first engaged as a
‘ shopman, by Mr. Aitkin, a bookseller in
‘ Philadelphia, at the wages of twenty pounds
‘ a year. In November 1775, he was em-
‘ ployed in a laboratory. He took great
‘ pains in experiments for the purpose of dis-
‘ covering some cheap, easy, and expeditious
‘ method of making saltpetre. He was also
‘ the proposer of a plan for the voluntary sup-
‘ plying of the public magazines with gun-
‘ powder; and earnestly laboured to persuade
‘ the inhabitants of Philadelphia to adopt it.

‘ On the 10th of January 1776, was pub-
‘ lished his *Common Sense*, an 8vo pamphlet of
‘ sixty-three pages. This pamphlet was ea-
‘ gerly read, passed through several editions,
‘ and was even translated into German.
‘ Prosecuting the career, upon which he had
‘ thus not unsuccessfully entered, he, on the
‘ 19th of December 1776, published, in the
‘ *Pennsylvania Journal*, the first number of the
‘ *Crisis*, intended like the former work, to
‘ encourage the Americans in their opposition
‘ to the British government.—The *Crisis*, he
‘ continued to publish in occasional numbers,
‘ till the 13th, and the last appeared on the same
‘ day on which a cessation of hostilities be-

‘ tween America and Britain was proclaimed
‘ at Philadelphia, the 19th of April 1783.’

Thus, we see, that he was hardly arrived in America, when he set about digging up saltpetre for the destruction of his countrymen, the servants of that king whom he himself had served, and whom he would still have served, had he not been dismissed in disgrace. And can any one have the folly to believe, or the impudence to say, that this man was actuated by a love of liberty and America?

The unprincipled, or silly, admirers of Paine, when they hear their hero attacked, never fail to stigmatize his enemies as enemies of the American cause. Their object in doing this is evident enough: but, in the name of common sense, what has the justice or injustice of that cause to do with an inquiry into the actions and motives of Paine? Is a man to be looked upon as regretting that America obtained its independence, merely because he detects a cruel, treacherous, and blasphemous ruffian who once wrote in favour of it? Are the characters of the men who effected the separation from Britain so closely united with that of Paine, that they must stand or fall together? Are the merits of the revolution

itself at last to be linked to all that is base and infamous?

No one, not even Congress itself, ever attempted to justify the colonists in their revolt against their sovereign upon any other ground than this: *that they were an oppressed people, unable to obtain a redress of their grievances, without appealing to arms.* Seeing them in this light we must be careful to exclude from this justification all those subjects of the king, who assisted them without having partaken of the oppression of which they complained. Among the Americans themselves a difference of opinion might, and did prevail. Some looked upon themselves as oppressed, others did not; both parties were fully justified upon the supposition that they acted agreeably to their consciences: but a man like Paine, just landed in the country, could have no oppression to complain of, and, therefore, his hostility against his country admits of no defence. He was a traitor, as were the Priestleys, the Prices, and all others of the same description. No good man, however zealous he might be in the revolution, ever respected Paine, of which the coldness and neglect he experienced, as soon as order was re-established, is a certain proof. The faithful citizen, or subject, naturally detests a traitor:

it is an impulse that none of us can resist: however we may differ in opinion in other respects, we all agree (to use one of Tom's own expressions) that "a traitor is the foulest fiend on earth."

' In 1777, he was appointed by the Congress, secretary to their committee for foreign affairs. When Silas Deane, commercial agent for the Congress in Europe, was recalled, to make room for William Lee, once alderman of London, a contention ensued between Deane and the family of the Lees; and Paine took part in the controversy, by attacking Deane. He took occasion to involve in the dispute the famous Robert Morris, financier of the United States. Morris interfered against him. And Paine was inadvertently provoked to retail, through the channel of the newspapers, *information which had been communicated to him in his office of secretary.* This information betraying intrigues of the French court, their ambassador complained to Congress. Paine being interrogated, confessed himself the author of the newspaper correspondence in question, and was in consequence dismissed from his office.'

What remarks I have to make here I shall preface by an extract from Swift's excellent

work, lately published, on the laws of Connecticut, Book V. Chap. vii. Speaking of Paine's "baseness in his attack on Christianity by publishing his *Age of Reason*," Mr. Swift observes: "This work is said to be written by Thomas Paine, *Secretary for foreign affairs, to Congress in the American war*. Now the truth is, that during some period of the American War, Congress appointed a committee for foreign affairs, to which Paine was secretary, but he had no power, and performed no duty but that of clerk to the committee; without any portion of the authority, afterwards annexed to the office of secretary for foreign affairs. From the post of secretary to the committee for foreign affairs, he was *dismissed for a scandalous breach of trust*. What must we think of a man, who is capable of such a pitiful artifice to gratify his vanity, and render himself important?"

These are not the words of an Englishman, but of a native American, a learned and elegant writer, and a tried friend and servant of his country.

The account given by Mr. Swift of Tom's dismissal confirms that which is given of it in his life. Both accounts, however, are silent as to the nature of the intrigues which

he divulged. As I have heard this matter often spoken of, by my old bookseller and others, I will just repeat what I have heard, without pledging myself for the truth of it.

While Silas Deane was agent under the plenipotentiary administration of Dr. Franklin, at the court of Versailles, these intriguing patriots had the address to procure a present of 200,000 stand of *condemned arms* from the king of France to the American Congress; but, as this was done at a time when the French court had solemnly, though treacherously, engaged not to interfere in the dispute, the *present* was to be kept a secret among the immediate agents. The *condemned arms*, given *as a present*, were, by the *faithful agents*, *charged as good ones*, and paid for by the United States. Who pocketed the money, was then, and is still a question: but there seems to be but little doubt of its having undergone a division and a subdivision, as the secret had extended far and wide, before poor Tom was silenced. I have heard more than one American, reputed democrats, curse Dr. Franklin for having misapplied the money of the country, and I imagine this must be what they allude to. He must certainly have found the philosopher's stone, if he thus possessed the gift of turning old iron into gold;

and, as I do not see, in his will, to whom he bequeathed this precious stone, I would thank his *grand-child* to inform us, in the next number of his polite and patriotic paper, who the happy mortal is.

After having heard these accounts of this dismissal, which all agree, let us hear what Thomas says about it himself, in the second part of his *Rights of Man*. "After the declaration of Independence, Congress unanimously appointed me *secretary in the foreign department*. But a misunderstanding arising between Congress and me, respecting one of their commissioners then in Europe, Mr. Silas Deane, *I resigned the office*."—— Was there ever a more pitiful attempt at acquiring reputation than this? He was in England when he wrote thus; he would not have dared to write this passage in America. He calls himself *secretary in the foreign department*, thereby giving to understand that he was a secretary of state in America, as Lord Grenville or the Duke of Portland is in England, and as Mr. Jefferson then was in the United States. *Secretary to the committee* for foreign affairs would have sounded small; it would have made a jingle like that of half-pence, whereas *secretary of state* rang in the ears of his empty-headed disciples, like guineas upon a hollow counter.

"But a misunderstanding arising between Congress and me." Here is another fetch at importance. "Between Congress and me!" How the London Corresponding Society, and affiliated mobs stared at this, I dare say. If his misconduct ever became a subject of discussion before Congress, that was all. A complaint was lodged against him, and Congress dismissed him; but his offence was exposing what should have been kept secret, in writing for the Lees against Silas Deane. How does he twist this into a misunderstanding between Congress and him? As well may the criminal say, he has had a misunderstanding with the judge who condemns him.

"And so I *resigned the office*." Mr. Swift says, and every one in America knows, that he was "*dismissed for a scandalous breach of trust*;" but this would not have been so convenient for the purpose of those infamous combinations of men who had undertaken to spread his works about the three kingdoms. In the courtier's vocabulary, *resigned* has long been synonymous with *dismissed*, *discarded*, and *turned out*, and we see that Thomas, though he rails against courts and courtiers, did not scruple to employ it in the same way.

But there was another reason for substituting *resignation* for *turned out*. He had every reason to believe that his *life* would be published, and he wisely foresaw, that his having been *turned out* of the excise, and again turned out in America, would stagger the faith of some of his profelytes; to be turned out by a monarchical government, and afterwards by a republican one, would have been a pretty convincing proof that he was friendly to no government whatever. I sincerely believe that he hated, and that he still hates, the general government of the United States (as at present happily established) as much as the government of Great Britain. But it was necessary that he should find out something to hold up to the imitation of the English; no matter what, so as it differed from what they possessed. Being obliged, therefore, to make this use of the American government, he was the more anxious to hide the truth with respect to his *dissension*; for how awkward would it have looked, at the end of his pompous encomiums on the government of America, to add; *this was the government that turned me out!*

• In August, 1782, Thomas Paine published a controversial letter to the Abbé Raynal, in consequence of the latter author's publication of his history of the Re-

‘ *volution of America.* Absurd as were the
‘ general principles which Paine had advanced
‘ in his *Common Sense*, Raynal being in great
‘ distress for want of something to say on the
‘ occasion, had adopted some of them. Paine
‘ reclaimed what was his own, and contro-
‘ verted much of the rest that the Abbé said.
‘ His next production was a letter to the Earl
‘ of Shelburne, on the effects likely to arise to
‘ Great Britain from the acknowledged inde-
‘ pendence of America.

‘ His labours had not yet received any sub-
‘ stantial reward. He, in the mean time,
‘ suffered all the miseries of penury. He now
‘ solicited the American Assemblies to grant
‘ some recompence for the services by which
‘ he had contributed to the establishment of
‘ their independence. New York bestowed
‘ on him lands of little value at New Ro-
‘ chelle; Pennsylvania granted him five hun-
‘ dred pounds.

‘ In the autumn of 1786, he departed for
‘ France, after having, at New York, seduced
‘ a young woman of a reputable family. In
‘ the beginning of the year 1787, he arrived
‘ in Paris, and exhibited before the French
‘ Academy of sciences, the model of a bridge
‘ of peculiar construction.

‘ On the 3d of September, in this same

year, Thomas Paine arrived at the *White Bear* in Piccadilly, London, after an absence of thirteen years from Britain.—His old friends recollected him; although he might have been better satisfied to have been forgotten by some of them.

Before the end of 1787, he published a pamphlet, intituled *Prospects on the Rubicon*, &c. In the year 1788, he was busy at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, about the casting of an iron arch for the bridge of which he had presented a model to the French Academy. This bridge proved merely an expensive project, by which the contriver was impoverished, and the community not benefited. At Rotherham his familiarities became disagreeable to the women.

Through various circumstances Paine became indebted to Whiteside, the American merchant, whom he had employed to receive his remittances, and to furnish his expences, in the sum of six hundred and twenty pounds. Upon the bankruptcy of Whiteside, Paine was arrested by order of the assignees, at the *White Bear*, Piccadilly, on the 29th of October 1789. He remained for three weeks confined in a spunging house, till he was at length relieved by the kind interference of two eminent American merchants, Messrs. Clagget and Murdock.

‘ Meanwhile Paine had, during his involuntary retirement, listened eagerly to the news of the rising commotions in France. ‘ Soon after he was set at liberty, therefore, ‘ he crossed the channel, in order to be a ‘ nearer spectator of events in which he rejoiced. He returned to England about the ‘ time of the publication of Mr. Burke’s ‘ pamphlet on the French revolution. His ‘ next work was an answer to Mr. Burke, in ‘ the first part of his *Rights of Man*.

‘ This work was published on the 13th of ‘ March, 1791, by a Mr. Jordan in Fleet- ‘ street. Conscious of the seditious falsehoods ‘ which he had advanced in it, Paine dreaded ‘ even then the inquiries of the King’s messengers, and sought concealment in the ‘ house of his friend, Mr. Brand Hollis; ‘ while it was industriously given out by ‘ those in his secret, that he had hastily departed ‘ for Paris.

‘ The work which caused these fears, was ‘ perfectly of that cast, by which superficial ‘ readers and thinkers are most readily affected; grossly invective, frequently quibbling, ‘ confounding generals with particulars, and ‘ particulars with generals, audaciously bold, ‘ and speaking the language of prevalent pre-

judices. It was, besides, warmly recommended to the people by a *Society*, who took the denomination of *Constitutional*.

In the middle of May, after having thus laboured to enlighten or confound the British nation, Paine returned to Paris. While *sojourning* there, he entered into a controversy with Emanuel Seyes, who had been chiefly active in framing the new constitution of France; Seyes in defence of that limited monarchy which the new constitution had established: Paine, *against the whole hell of monarchy*,—to use his own words. This controversy was soon dropped.

On the 13th of July, 1791, Paine again arrived at the White Bear, in Piccadilly, just in time to assist in the celebration of the anniversary of the French Revolution. He did not, however, appear at the public dinner on the following day; but he joined the celebrators about eight o'clock in the evening; when the people, enraged to see them brave the laws, and exult in events unfriendly to the happiness of Britain, had assembled tumultuously, to drive them away from the Crown and Anchor Tavern, the place of their meeting. Mortified at finding those hostile to them, whom they had hoped to seduce to become the instruments of their turbulence,

• our republicans published, on the 20th of August, 1791, from the Thatched House Tavern, a *sedition declaration*, the writing of Paine, which obliged the inn-keeper to forbid them his house.'

• After these transactions, Paine was preparing to visit Ireland, in the character of an apostle of Democracy, when he learned that the Irish were already so well acquainted with his *real character*, that he might probably meet with an unfavourable reception. On this news, he retired in disgust, to Greenwich.'

• On the 4th of November, 1791, he assisted, on the eve of the gun-powder plot, at the accustomed commemoration of the 5th of November, by the Revolution Society. He was thanked for his *Rights of Man*; and gave for his toast, *the Revolution of the World*.

• Immediately after this, preparing to bring forth the *Second Part* of his *Rights of Man*, he hid himself in FETTER-LANE—None knew where he was concealed, except Mr. Horne—Tooke, whose friendly care corrected the inaccuracies of his style, and Mr. Chapman, who was employed to print his book. At Mr. Chapman's table he occasionally spent a pleasant evening, after the solitary labours of the day. After this commodious

' intercourse had subsisted for several months,
 ' Paine was somehow moved to insult Mr.
 ' Chapman's wife ; * in consequence of which
 ' the printer turned him out of doors with
 ' indignation ; exclaiming, that he had *no*
 ' *more principle than a post, and no more religion*
 ' *than a ruffian.*'

' Paine has ascribed a different origin to this
 ' quarrel with his printer : but, it is proper
 ' that even in so small a matter the truth
 ' should be known. A false tale was held out
 ' to the public, as is stated at length in Mr.
 ' Oldys's pamphlet ; and that part of the
 ' work which had been rejected by Mr Chap-
 ' man was transferred to a Mr. Crowther.'

' This *Second Part* was at length printed and
 ' published : being recommended by the same
 ' qualities as the *First*, it met with a similar re-
 ' ception. Its author, finding that he had now
 ' excited against himself the strongest abhor-
 ' rence of all the worthier part of the nation,
 ' thought it prudent to retire to France. In
 ' the meantime he printed a letter to Mr. Se-
 ' cretary Dundas, and another to Lord On-
 ' slow, the absurd scurrility of which, might
 ' be supposed matchless ; were it not that the
 ' same author has since exceeded it in an *Ad-*
 ' *dress to the Addressers* upon his Majesty's Pro-

* See Chapman's Testimony on Oath,—Paine's Trial.

‘ clamoration for the Suppression of Seditious
‘ Writings,—and in a *Letter to the National*
‘ *Convention of France.*’

‘ His actions and writings, however little
‘ credit they may have done him in Britain,
‘ recommended him to a seat in the French
‘ Convention.’

‘ It would be difficult for him to find any
‘ other assembly in the world in which he
‘ would be not less respectable than most of the
‘ leaders. To what issue this last preferment
‘ of his may lead, it is not easy to predict.
‘ But, from the complexion of some of the late
‘ sittings of the Convention, it seems extremely
‘ probable that his career may finish with that
‘ miserable end to which Providence generally
‘ permits the machinations of such men to
‘ conduct them at last.’

‘ For the publication of those writings, the
‘ tendency of which is avowedly seditious, and
‘ of which there has been too much use made
‘ towards the disturbing of the domestic tran-
‘ quillity of the British empire—our author
‘ has, since his retreat into France, been in-
‘ dicted at the instance of the king, as usual
‘ in such cases; tried at Guildhall, before
‘ Lord Kenyon; and found guilty by a very
‘ respectable jury, as the Author and Pub-

“lister of a book, called “Second Part of
the Rights of Man, containing many false,
wicked, scandalous, malicious, and sedi-
tious assertions.”

“It is scarcely necessary to add, that book-
sellers and other venders of Paine’s works
must see, by this *Verdict*, that the laws of
their country, if diligently enforced, are
ready to punish them for so dishonest a
Traffic.”

“The reader of this plain, candid narrative,
may judge for himself, whether Paine be a
friend to Great Britain, or a man whose con-
duct he would choose to imitate, or whose
advice he would follow in ordinary cases;
and what reliance can be placed on the facts
which he has boldly asserted as the ground-
work of his wild theories.”

Here ends the account of Paine’s life, as I
find it in print, and which, as I formerly ob-
served, was published about the beginning of
1793. I shall now attempt a continuation of it
down to the present time, dwelling on such
parts only of his conduct as will admit of no
dispute respecting facts.

Thomas’s having merited death, or, at least,
transportation in England, was a strong re-

commendation to him in France, whose newly enlightened inhabitants seem to have conceived a wonderful partiality for all that's vile. Several of the departments disputed with each other the *honour* of having a *convict* for their representative; a thing not so much to be wondered at, when we recollect, that their wise rulers declared, by a decree, that the galley-slaves were all most excellent patriots, and that the hangman's was a post of honour.

The exact time of Tom's flight to this country of liberty and virtue is not mentioned, I believe, in the above account; but I recollect hearing his arrival talked of in the month of June, 1792. I had been on a trip from St. Omer's to Dunkirk, and, on my return, I first heard the news announced to a pretty numerous company in the canal stage. "Voilà (says an old monk, who had been driven from his cell by the *sans-culottes*, and who was now looking over the gazette) "Voilà ce coquin "de Paine qui nous arrive de l'Angleterre."*
 — "Ah, mon Dieu!" (exclaimed a well-dressed woman, who was sitting beside me) "Ah, la pauvre France! Tous les scelerats "de tous les pays de l'univers vont s'assem-

* "Why, that rascal Paine is just arrived from England."

“bler chez nous.”*. The justness of this observation struck me at the time, and has often occurred to my memory since. Indeed every man of infamous character, every felon and every traitor, began, at the time I am now speaking of, to look upon France as his home; and this circumstance, better than any other, marks the true character of the revolution. The property of the nation was laid prostrate, and these villains were assembling round it, as birds of prey hover over an expiring carcass.

Whether Paine was really in France, or not, in June, 1792, is immaterial: it is certain that he took his seat among that gang of blood-thirsty tyrants, usually called the *Convention*, just time enough to assist in proscribing that Constitution which he had written two whole books in defence of, and in conferring every epithet of ridicule and reproach on the Constituent Assembly, whom he had a few months before extolled, as “the most august, “illuminated and illuminating body of men “on earth.” It was now that the English reformers and the democrats of America would have blushed, had not their fronts been covered with bull-hide, for the pompous eulogiums

“Ah, my God! Ah, poor France! All the scoundrels from all the countries in the universe are flocking “amongst us.”

they had heaped on the author of the *Rights of Man*.

The first job that Tom was set about, after the destruction of the Constitution, was, making another. This was a thing of course, for there is no such thing as living without constitutions now-a-days. Thomas, and his fellow-journeymen, Brissot, Clavière, and about half a dozen others, fell to work, and, in a very few days, hammered out the clumsy, ill-proportioned devil of a thing, commonly called the Constitution of 1793. Of this ridiculous instrument I shall only observe, that, after being cried up by the American Newspapers, as the master-piece of legislative wisdom, it was rejected with every mark of contempt, even by the French themselves. What is too absurd for them to swallow must be absurd indeed!

About the time that this constitution work was going on, the unfortunate king was brought to trial by his ten times perjured and rebellious subjects. Paine did not vote for his death, a circumstance that his friends produce as a proof of his justice and humanity, forgetting at the same time, that they thereby brand all those who did vote for it, with injustice and barbarity. However, upon closer inquiry, we shall find little reason for distinctions be-

tween Tom and his colleagues. He voted for the king's *banishment*, the banishment of a man perfectly innocent, and it was owing merely to his being embarked with the faction of Brissot, instead of that of Danton, that he did not vote for his death. Brissot afterwards published, in the name of his whole party, the reasons why they looked on it as *good policy* not to put the king to death; on these reasons was the vote of Paine founded, and not on his humanity or his justice. Petion, the infamous Petion de Ville-neuve, did not vote for the king's death; yet certainly no one will believe that motives of justice or humanity restrained the man, who, after having plotted the insurrection of the tenth of August, brought it against the king as a crime, and who loaded the royal captives and their children with every insult and cruelty that the heart of an upstart savage tyrant could suggest.

The whole process of the trial of the king of France, from the beginning to the end, was the most flagrant act of injustice that ever stained the annals of the world. It was well known to every one and particularly to the audacious regicides themselves, that he was innocent of every crime laid to his charge. The sentence of banishment was therefore as unjust as that of death. Injustice is ever injustice:

it may exist in different degrees, but it can never change its nature. Had Paine been a just and humane man, he would have stood up boldly in the defence of innocence, in place of sheltering himself under a vote for *banishment*. Banishment! Great God! Banishment on the head of the towering family of Bourbon, pronounced by a discarded English Exciseman!—What must have been the feelings of this forsaken prince, who was once called the great and good ally of America, when he heard the word *banishment*! come from the lips of a wretch raised to notice by the success of a revolution of which he himself had been a principal support!—I hope no such thought came athwart the mind of the unfortunate Louis; if it did, certain I am it must have been ten million times more poignant than the pangs of death.

However Paine might find it convenient to vote upon this occasion, it is certain he did not feel much horror at the murder of the benefactor of his “beloved America,” or he would not have remained with, and in the service of, his murderers. He was told this by his quondam friend Mr. King, in a letter sent him from England soon afterwards. “*If the French kill their king, it will be a signal for my departure, for I will not*

“ *abide among such sanguinary men.*—These, Mr.
“ Paine, were your words at our last meet-
“ ing; yet, after this, you are not only with
“ them, but the chief modeller of their new
“ constitution, formed so heterogeneous and
“ inconsistent, so hypothetical and contra-
“ dictory, as shows me, that provided your
“ theories obtain fame, you are indifferent
“ how the people may be disappointed in the
“ practice of them.”

Having introduced this correspondence here, it is a proper place for me to give the reader a striking proof of Thomas's disinterestedness, a quality for which he sets a very high value on himself. “ *Politics and self-interest*” (says he, in the Second Part of what he calls his *Rights of Man*) “ have been so uniformly
“ connected, that the world has a right to be
“ suspicious of *public characters*: but, *with re-*
“ *gard to myself, I am perfectly easy on this*
“ *head.* I did not, at my first setting out in
“ *public life*, turn my thoughts on subjects
“ of government from motives of self-inter-
“ est; and my conduct from that moment
“ to this proves the fact.”—After this bouncing out-set, he goes on and tells his readers how disinterested he was in America, quite forgetting, however, to observe that he solicited, and obtained, a recompense for his services, as is stated in the above account of

his life.—The following letter will put his disinterestedness in a very clear point of view, and may, perhaps, serve to remove the film from the eyes of some of those, who are apt to place too much confidence in the professions of our disinterested patriots.

“DEAR KING,

“I don't know any thing these many years, that surprised, and hurt me more, than the sentiments you published in the Courtly HERALD, the 12th December, signed JOHN KING, *Egham Lodge*. You have gone back from all you ever said.— You used to complain of abuses as well as me, and wrote your opinions on them in free terms. What then means this sudden attachment to *Kings*? This fondness of the English Government and hatred of the French?—If you mean to curry favour, by aiding your government, you are mistaken; *they never recompence those who serve it?* they buy off those who can annoy it, and let the good that is rendered it, be its own reward. Believe me, KING, *more is to be obtained by cherishing the rising spirit of the people, than by subduing it. Follow my fortunes, and I will be answerable, that you shall make your own.*”

“THO. PAINE.”

“Paris,

“January 3, 1793.”

E

This letter ought to be stuck upon every wall and every post in the United States, and in every other country where the voice of the people is of any consequence. It is the creed, the *multum in parvo*, of all the pretended patriots that ever infested the earth. It is all in all; it is conclusive and requires neither colouring nor commentary.

After the death of the king of France, there was a long struggle between the faction of Brissot, to which Tom had attached himself, and that of Danton, Robespierre and Marat. The last named murderer was dispatched by a murderers of Brissot's faction, after which her abettors were all guillotined, imprisoned, or proscribed. Thomas saved his life by countenancing the degradation of the Christian religion, in his "Age of Reason."

When Danton was solicited to spare him on account of his talents as a writer in the cause of liberty, "tu ne vois pas donc so—tu bête," replied he to the solicitor, "que nous n'avons plus besoin de pareils fanatiques."* Cut-throat Danton was right enough: indeed they no longer stood in need of a fanatical writer in the cause of liberty, when they had made it a crime for men to weep.

* "You do not perceive then, you simpleton, that we no longer want fanatics of that sort."

Danton made a calculation of Tom's head and talents, just as a farmer makes a calculation of the labour, carcass, hide and offal of a bullock; and he found that he would fetch more living than dead. By writing against religion, he might do his cause some service, and there was little or no danger to be apprehended from him; because, being an Englishman, it was only giving him that name, and he could any where have him killed and dressed, *à la mode de Paris*, at five minutes warning.

Horrid as Paine's attack on revealed religion must appear to every one untainted with deism or atheism, the base assailant is not seen in his true colours, in his blackest hue, till the opinions in his "Age of Reason" are compared with the hypocritical canting professions of respect for "the word of God," contained in some of his former writings. In his *Common Sense*, calling on the people to separate themselves from the government that had discarded him, he says it is "a form of government that the *word of God* "bears testimony against;" and in another part of the same work, proposing the promulgation of a new charter, he says: "that we may not "appear to be defective even in earthly honors, "let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the Charter; let it be brought forth placed "on the *divine law, the word of God.*"—— In another place he spends whole pages in endea-

vouring to persuade his readers that monarchy is disapproved of by God, and he brings his proofs from Holy Writ, concluding with these words. "These portions of the *Holy Scriptures* are direct and positive. *They admit of no equivocal construction.*"——In one part of the same writings he complains of the "*impiety*" of the Tories, and in another of "the *unchristian* peevishness of the Quakers." He calls upon the people to turn out in the name of God. "Say not," adds he, "that thousands are gone out, turn out your tens-of thousands; throw not the burthen of the day upon *Providence*, but "*show your faith by your works*," that God may bless you."

——"We claim" (says he again, keeping up the cant) "we claim brotherhood with every European *christian*, and glory in the generosity of the sentiment."——Generous and sentimental rascal! Whom do you claim brotherhood with now? Who will admit as a brother, the wretch, who, at one time calls the Scriptures the *word of God*, and quotes them as an infallible guide, and at another, ridicules them as a series of fictions, contrived by artfull priests to amuse, delude, and cheat mankind?

From Paine's *Common Sense* and his *Age of Reason* we may perceive how his opinion differed concerning the Americans at the two epochs

of his writing. When he wrote the former, he looked upon them as a conscientious and pious people; but when he wrote the latter, he certainly looked upon them in the opposite light, or he never would have ventured to address the work to them. The fact is, he had altered his opinion of them upon the strength of what he saw in the greatest part of the publick papers. After seeing a minister of the gospel abused, for having boldly asserted the truth of its doctrines, in opposition to the horrid decrees of the French Convention; after having seen the name of *Jesus Christ* placed in a list of famous democrats, along with the names of *Paine* and *Marat*, it was no wonder if he thought that his manual of blasphemy would be an acceptable present to his "beloved Americans."

Indeed, there is but too much reason to fear that the *Age of Reason* being translated into English, apparently for the sole purpose of being published here, its being dedicated to the citizens of the United States, together with the uncommon pains that have been taken to propagate it, and the abuse that has been heaped upon all those who have attempted to counteract its effects, will do but little credit to the national character, in the opinions of those foreigners who are not well acquainted with it. Every effort should, therefore, be exerted to convince the world, that all men of sense and

worth in America agree in their abhorrence of the work and its malignant author. From this persuasion it was, that I inserted in the *Political Censor for May*, an extract from Judge Rush's pious address to the grand jury at Reading, and that I now honour the present *Censor* with an extract from Mr. Swift's System of Laws of Connecticut, a work that every one should read, and that every one who reads must admire.

“ To prohibit” (says this learned and elegant writer) “ To prohibit the open, publick, “ and explicit denial of the popular religion of “ a country, is a necessary measure to preserve “ the tranquillity of a government. Of this “ no person in a christian country can complain; for, admitting him to be an infidel, “ he must acknowledge, that no benefit can “ be derived from the subversion of a religion “ which enforces the best system of morality, “ and inculcates the divine doctrine of doing “ justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly “ with God. In this view of the subject, we “ cannot sufficiently reprobate the baseness of “ Thomas Paine, in his attack on christianity, “ by publishing his Age of Reason. While “ *experiencing in a prison, the fruits of his visionary theories of Government*, he undertakes to “ disturb the world by his religious opinions. “ He has the impudence and effrontery to address to the citizens of the United States of

“ America, a paltry performance, which is in-
 “ tended to shake their faith in the religion of
 “ their fathers; a religion, which, while it in-
 “ culcates the practice of moral virtue, contri-
 “ butes to smoothe the thorny road of this life,
 “ by opening the prospect of a future and
 “ better: and all this he does, not to make
 “ them happier, or to introduce a better reli-
 “ gion, but to embitter their days by the cheer-
 “ less and dreary visions of unbelief. No lan-
 “ guage can describe the wickedness of the
 “ man, who will attempt to subvert a religion
 “ which is a source of comfort and consolation
 “ to its votaries, merely for the sake of eradi-
 “ cating all sentiments of religion.”

Of the many answers to Paine no one de-
 mands so much of our praise and our gratitude
 as DR. WATSON'S *Apology for the Bible*. From
 some weak attempts, by persons either unskill-
 ed on the subject or unaccustomed to wield the
 weapons of disputation, the deists began to
 triumph in the thought that the clumsy cavil-
 lings of their leader were unanswerable, when
 this most excellent work appeared, and left
 nothing unanswered or unrefuted.* It is as

* The *Rights of Man* also, has, in this country, been pret-
 ty generally looked upon as *unanswerable*. This is not so
 much to be wondered at, when we consider the pains that
 have been taken to hide from the people every thing that

much impossible for me to do justice to the *Apology*, as to express my veneration for its author. Learning, genius, candour, modesty and humility, all seem to have united here, to do honour to the cause of Christianity and cover its enemies with shame and confusion. And, a circumstance that must be particularly mortifying to Paine, and to all the enemies of order and religion, the man to whom the world is indebted for this production, is an *aristocrat*, and a *Prelate of the Church of England*, raised to his dignity by the choice of a *King*.

Let us now return to the hoary blasphemer at the bottom of his dungeon. There he lies! manacled, besmeared with filth, crawling with vermin, loaded with years and infamy. This, reader, whatever you may think of him, is the author of the *Rights of Man*, the eulogist of French liberty. The very same man who a few months back boasted of being "*the representative of twenty-five millions of free men.*" Look at him. Do you think now, in your conscience, that he has the appearance

might tend to wean them from their partiality to the new-fangled doctrine of liberty and equality. The *Rights of Man* has, however, been answered, and that in a most complete and masterly manner. This answer is now in my possession, and I promise myself the honour of communicating it to the public in a few days. This work ought to accompany *DR. WATSON'S Apology*: the two together will be an effective antidote for all Tom's theological and political poison.

of a legislator, a civilian, a constitution maker? It is no tyrannical king, I'll assure you, who who has tethered him thus. He was condemned by his colleagues, and his fetters were rivetted by his own dear constituents. Here he is, fairly caught in his own trap, a striking example for the disturbers of mankind.

After Thomas got out of his *câchot* (a word that, I dare say, he understands better than any other in the French language,) it was reported that he was dead, which occasioned the epitaph on him, to be seen in the *Censor* of May; but, it has appeared since, that the report of his death was owing to a mode of expression which the French have, whereby a person sunk into insignificance is said to be dead. He, or some one in his name, has lately written a work, entitled, the *Decline and Fall of the British System of Finance*, of which it is quite enough to say, that it is of equal merit with the rest of his writings. All his predictions have hitherto remained unfulfilled, and those contained in the last effort of his malice will share the same fate. It is extremely favourable for British bank-notes, that he who doubts of their solidity will not believe in the Bible.

How Tom gets a living now, or what brothel he inhabits, I know not, nor does it much

signify to any body here or any where else. ³²⁰
has done all the mischief he can in the world,
and whether his carcass is at last to be suffered
to rot on the earth, or to be dried in the air, is
of very little consequence. Whenever and
wherever he breathes his last, he will excite
neither sorrow nor compassion; no friendly
hand will close his eyes, not a groan will be
uttered, not a tear will be shed. Like *Judas*
he will be remembered by posterity; men
will learn to express all that is base, malignant,
treacherous, unnatural and blasphemous, by
the single monosyllable, *Paine*.



FINIS.